To the Gentlemen Readers.

THe changeleſſe purpoſe of determinde Fate.
Giues period to our care, or hearts content,
When heau'ns fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp, or pollicie preuent
The doome ordained in their ſecret will.
Gentiles, we left King Iohn *repleat with bliſſe,*
That Arthur *liude, whom he ſuppoſed ſlaine;*
And Hubert *poaſting to returne thoſe Lords,*
Who deem'd him dead, and parted diſcontent:
Arthur *himſelfe begins our later Act,*
Our Act of outrage, deſpaire, fury, death;
Wherein fond raſhneſſe murdreth firſt a Prince,
And Monkiſh falſeneſſe poyſneth laſt a King:
Firſt Scene ſhewes Arthurs *death in infancie,*
And laſt concludes Iohns *fatall Tragedie.*

The ſecond part of th
ſome Raigne of King

Containing

The entrance of Lewis *the Frenc*
With the poyſoning of King I
a Monke.

Enter young Arthur *on the*

NOw helpe good hap to further mi
Croſſe not my youth with any m
I venture life to gaine my liberty,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an e
Feare gins diſſwade the ſtrength of my
My hold will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall no queſtion death is next:
Better deſiſt, and liue in priſon ſtill.
Priſon ſaid I? nay, rather death then ſo:
Comfort and courage come againe to
Ile venter ſure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and bruſing his bones, afte
his traunce, ſpeakes thus

Hoe, who is nigh? ſome body take me
Where is my mother? let me ſpeake w
Who hurts me thus? ſpeake hoe, where
Ah me poore *Arthur*, I am here alone.
Why call'd I mother, how did I forget
My fall, my fall, hath kil'd my mothers
How will ſhe weepe at tidings of my de
My death indeed, O God, my bones are

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)